Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Tyes up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the County, with Muſicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but never to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lyes,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded, I will dye
And leave him all, life, living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage:
But one, poore one, one poore and loving childe,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold:
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Never was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this.
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fa. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kil'd:
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now,
To murther, murther our ſolemnity?
O child, O child, my ſoule, and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my childe my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions, care lives not
In theſe confuſions: heaven and your ſelfe

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